

She lay amid a pile of pillows in a morris chair in the home of her aunt, Mrs. M. L. James.

In the dim lamplight, one could still discern the traces of her former beauty.

I asked her if she was glad to be free again and under the compassionate care of her aunt. She gazed at me for a moment—tried to move her lips—and then slowly nodded her head. It was all she could do!

Attempts to make her write failed. Her wasted hands could not hold the pencil.

"Had it not been for the curiosity of a relative of the Marshall family she might never have been found," Miss Davies told me. "This man, acting on a rumor, stayed over night at the Marshall house. In the next room to his he heard groans during the night. Next morning he went out onto the gallery and peered through a shuttered window. There on the floor of a darkened room, he says, he saw the girl, picking something from the bare boards and putting it into her mouth. Only for a moment he watched the form silhouetted in the half-light of dawn. Then he left the house and eventually his report reached me.

"After great difficulty I got into the house and the stepmother unlocked the door of the girl's prison. There on a broken-down bed she crouched, like an animal.

"She had no clothing except a suit of underwear.

"If the room was not actually a prison cell it looked like one. There was no carpet on the floor. The only other furniture besides the bed was an old chair. On this was a cup and plate, but no knife, fork or spoon. The place had absolutely no toilet facilities."

It was a cousin of the girl who hinted at the love story which may be at the bottom of this unique tragedy.

Just before she was incarcerated Grace was seen a great deal with a

farmer named Jasper Ewell. He was at least 60, and Marshall is said to have objected to his courtship.

Just as the budding romance was becoming the talk of the town, Grace suddenly disappeared. In some unexplained manner the idea that she was dead spread throughout the settlement and finally was accepted as a full explanation. Jasper Ewell was seen near the Marshall home no more, and five years ago he died.

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**IT'S RATHER UNUSUAL—**



**MRS. J. J. GARDNER**

—for a young woman who has listened to the heart-rending tales of domestic infelicity as told by no less than 15,000 disappointed wives to elope. That's what Elizabeth Moriarity did. She's social secretary in Chicago's famous court of domestic relations and to show that she still has faith in Cupid she eloped with John J. Gardner, a fellow clerk, who had helped her to mend the broken hearts.

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A six-footer may be some liar, but he's seldom told so.